

CAROLINIAN

**CAROLINA
COLLEGE**



April-May

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THE CAROLINIAN

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Vol. 1

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No. 3

IGMA SIGMA IOTAS.

Our band is few but true and tried
Our leader frank and bold
But all the members tremble
When Parker's name is told.

Our purpose is a hidden one
Our rules they are not sung
We have our midnight meetings
With teachers not among.

We know their wiley signs designed
To get us in a scrape
But ah we know them far too well
To leave our light undraped.

Some nights when all are slumbering
We slyly creep out mute
And gently fasten with a cord,
Their doors together cute.

Latin, French, Math and Voice
On every side are heard
And after awhile, we listen
And hear a Sunday School word.

The jokes we play are something fierce
The members will agree
But my what an awful place
If jokes there could not be.

But now don't think we're awful bad,
We nine of calm repose
For we are only, as you know
The Igma Sigma Iotas.

H. M. S. '16

CHILDHOOD RECOLLECTIONS.

Remember you the happy days
Of childhood bright and gay
When you, a small wee little one
Did run and romp and play?

Remember you the horses wild
From pinebark rudely molded
And wagons of the pinebark frail
With cords of splinters loaded?

Remember you, mud houses brown
Where toad frogs love to dwell
And houses where the carpet's moss
That's gathered from the dell?

Remember you the dollies sweet
That often use to marry
And under trees of ancient age
We use to love to tarry?

Remember you the clouds so white
That in the heavens did float
And when we use to look at them
We saw horse or boat?

Remember you the glowing coals
From which we use to picture
Men and gods and witches and dogs
And many forms of nature?

Alas! Alas! This happy life
From many of us has gone
But still we have another life
To live and think upon?

H. M. S. & E. S. O.

TO THE FACULTY.

Here's to Mr. Mercer
Brave and kind and true
For without him, what
Would Carolina do?

Here's to Miss L. Parker
Good and sweet but strict
All the girls adore her
And think she is a brick.

Here's to Miss Von Wagner
She is always fine
Gets a letter daily
Asking "Bist du Madchen Mein?"

Here's to Fannie Vann
Whose fun is hard to hide
She is the darling of our heart
And also of MacBryde.

Here's to dear Miss Barrett
Small and cute and lean
Always "dyked up" in her best
A lovely suit of green.

Here's to sweet Miss Emma
The nicest one in School
She always does her very best,
And applies the Golden Rule.

Here's to Miss T. Yarboro
Who has such pretty eyes
A glance will either break his heart
Or lift him to the skies.

Here's to Mary Davis,
Tall and strong and fierce
For further information
I refer you to Mr. Pierce.

✓
Here's to Miss McKinnon
The confidant of all
She soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds
And helps us when we fall.

Here's to our Miss Edna
The dearest of the dear
She's always happy as a lark
If Henry is quite near.

Hail to Mr. Norton.
The Idol of the Idle
We'd rather have him by far
Than any English title.



✓
MORNING SONG.

Sweet bird that singest just outside my window
In the morning's golden glow,
Whose song so sweet and tender
Upon the roseate dawn dost flow.

You bring me peace with which to begin the day;
Love, joy and hope fill my heart
As I listen to your lay;
Strength to me it doth impart.

Sweet bird, that singest just outside my window
Your carol so blithe and gay.

Entering my heart in the morning
Re-echoes at the close of day.

L. F. '17.

IRIS.

The breezes were asleep; the sun was setting, but its last rays lingered lovingly in the sweet little garden. The sky was pink, violet and gold, and the face and heart of the girl retained some of its brightness and beauty as she walked slowly along the little path. She loved the spring, she loved the twilight, and most of all she loved her flowers—all the beauties of nature appealed to her; they all told her a story and she was never so happy as when listening. She did not hear the low murmur of the belated birds and the drowsy hum of the lingering bee—because she was dreaming.

Only a few months before, her father had died, old and broken in health, leaving a mortgage on the small farm. Small though the mortgage was, it seemed very great to Iris and her mother. He had gone in debt to give Iris a high school education in the nearby city, thinking that he could easily pay it off, but other troubles came, and age and ill health took him away before his task was finished, and she and her mother were left to finish it alone. Mrs. Bellmont too was old and frail, and the sorrow and worry of the past few months was telling on her fast. It wrung Iris' heart to see the shadow on her mother's sweet face and the longing in her tender eyes. As she walked along she was thinking of a new plan to get some money.

"Iris, dear, where have you been? Supper is ready," called her mother from the steps.

Thus aroused from her reverie she looked up quickly with a faint frown, then as she saw her mother, she smiled brightly and running to the steps kissed her lightly on the forehead and pulled her down beside her.

"Mother, love, I have a splendid new idea. It came to me in the garden, just as the sun was sinking behind the pine on the hill. I was trying to think of a way, and the last golden ray seemed to bring this new one right to

me. Its this—”

“Wait, daughter,” interrupted her mother, “the muffins will be cold if we don’t hurry. Let’s go in and you can tell me while you eat them. They are the kind you like.” She looked fondly at her lovely young daughter. She loved her great tender grey eyes and soft brown hair, and the soft curve of her pink cheeks, and it pained her that her child should know poverty and trouble and grief so young. But pain vanished when Iris lifted her happy hopeful eyes and smiled.

“You dearest mother in all the world, you! How like you to cook my muffins on such an afternoon. O, how I love you!”

She loved those evening meals with her quiet little mother across from her. She liked to talk and watch the expression on her face, and this evening she was so happy!

“Listen, mother,” she began, “you know I told you that they sell flowers at the market where I have been carrying the lettuce and strawberries and it just occurred to me that perhaps they would buy some of ours, and there are so many in bloom now. I’m sure it would help lots because city people always want the early spring things.”

Mrs. Bellmont caught her spirit at once. “Perhaps so, my dear. You can try at least. It will certainly help if they can use them. You can get any amount of lilacs, irises and pansies, and there are other things beginning to bloom now. I can finish Mrs. Murphy’s tatting to-night so you can carry that in the morning too.”

“Mother,” said Iris, “I wish you wouldn’t work at night. I can finish one of her pieces to-night, and I’m sure she can wait for the other. It really isn’t necessary and it hurts me to see you doing it.” She looked pleadingly at her mother, who only smiled.

“It doesn’t bother my eyes and I’d rather, dear. Then I can begin on the new piece to-morrow.”

Iris knew it was useless to say more, so she cleared

away the supper things and brought her mother's basket. Soon they were both happily at work, and Iris had time to complete her plans.

She started out early the next morning with her things for the market and Mrs. Murphy's tatting, and a great basket of flowers. They could not take all her flowers at the market and she was wondering what she could do with the ones she had left, when she thought of the big hospital for children on the other side of the city. So she decided to take them there. The nurse who took them at the door thanked her and told her how much the children would enjoy them. Iris wanted to stay and give her flowers to them herself, but she was anxious to get home and tell her mother what good fortune she had met with, so she promised to come again and hurried on home.

In a few days she did go again and the residing physician, Dr. Kiegg, met her and when he saw how delighted the little ones were with the flowers, he gave her an order for some to be brought every morning; just whatever she might have. When she visited the playground Dr. Kiegg was surprised to see how quickly the children were attracted to her. She gave them the flowers and was so bright and kind and so interested in their games, that they loved her at once. Before she left she had made arrangements to come three days in each week to conduct a story and play hour for them. She could not get home fast enough, she was so delighted with her new work and knew it would help so much.

All through the summer her flowers and stories were a continual delight to the children. She told them stories about each flower, and changed old ones so they were as good as new. After the first frost had killed all of her flowers, she and her mother spent the long winter days and evenings crocheting, embroidering and tatting for the ladies in the city who gave them orders and who paid them well for their work.

Winter passed, and late one afternoon in early spring, when the first green things had come and the breezes were warm and gentle, Iris and her mother were sitting on the steps watching the sun sink slowly behind the pines. Suddenly Iris said: "Mother, darling, I can't wait any longer, I must tell you. I was trying to wait until your birthday, but its impossible, and it will do you just as much good now, will it not?"

Why certainly, dear," answered her mother in surprise. "What is it you have to tell me? I'm anxious to hear?"

Iris looked into her eyes and saw how interested she was. How she loved those tender brown eyes! She squeezed her hand and went on:

"I know you won't believe it, but it is so. I counted up yesterday and we had enough for the mortgage and some over. I paid it this morning—every cent—and while I was in town I saw Mr. Melville and he wants to rent all our farm land. Mother, love, do you realize what that will mean? We have no debt and now we can easily live off of the rent and our flowers and garden. No more sewing and worrying for my little mother, and O, I'm so happy!"

"I am thankful for my own little flower," Mrs. Bellmont said reverently, holding her daughter close.

"And I for the dearest and best mother in all the world," breathed Iris in her ear.

They were too happy and thankful to talk then. Finally Iris said very low:

"Mother, there is more lovely news. I got a letter from Page to-day and he's coming home in May and is going to have charge of the children's hospital and Dr. Klegg is going to retire. He is so enthusiastic and I'm sure he will succeed. He has done splendid work during his two years in London, and I'm so glad for him." She pressed her face against her mother's shoulder.

"I am glad for him and for you too, my child. You are worthy of all this happiness and more too; you are a great blessing, and your mother loves you—loves you."

"O, mother, no, I am not half worthy of you! Are we ever worthy of our mothers? The sweetest and best gift that a girl can possess!"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

April the 23, 1916, was the three hundredth anniversary of the death of the great English writer, William Shakespeare. Although his body is dead, the character of the man and his writings still live.

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire, it is believed, April 23, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, belonged by birth to a class of yeomen; by trade he was a glover. His early career was one of prosperity and at one time he was elected chief magistrate of Stratford. His mother, Mary Arden, was of more distinguished origin than his father. She was of a good old Warwickshire family and brought to her husband as dower a property called Asbies and other lands. Of a family of eight children, William was the third.

At the free grammar school of Stratford, young Shakespeare received his entire education. As to the precise character and amount of this there has been much controversial conjecture, some writers maintaining that he enjoyed a thorough classical training, while others represent him as probably destitute of any such youthful advantage. On account of misfortunes of his father he was compelled to leave school at the age of fourteen and set to work for his living. Different stories are told as to how his life was spent from this time to his departure for London.

But of the cloud of uncertainty which shrouds this period of his life, two facts emerge as beyond question, his marriage to Anne Hathaway and the birth of his eldest daughter. He had two other children, a boy and girl.

Shakespeare left Stratford when twenty-two and went to London. A mishap which befell him is assigned as his reason for leaving Stratford. The future poet it is said while out on a poaching expedition in the deer park of a neighboring magnate was caught and kept a prisoner

for the night and arraigned before a justice of peace in the morning. What passed is not recorded, but whatever it was, excited the ire of Shakespeare who avenged himself by circulating a bitter ballad. A prosecution of this act caused him to escape to London.

After only a brief period spent at London we have note of him as a man of some importance, at once dramatist, actor and shareholder in the Blackfriars Theatre. As an actor he seemed at no time to have shone especially; as dramatist his magnificent powers were at once recognized and in a short while had won for him the very foremost ranks among the writers for the stage. We have ample evidence of the acceptance of his works obtained from all classes. Not only were they in the wider sense popular, but they brought him special marks of favor; an approval from Queen Elizabeth and her successor, James, who procured him the patronage and friendship of some of the most accomplished men of the time. Shakespeare was plainly, as men of genius mostly are, a man of shrewd solid business ability and through out his material prosperity kept pace with the growth of poetical reputation.

He became early a shareholder in the Blackfriars Theatre and The Globe. To both he contributed dramas and from his games in the triple capacity of actor, author and shareholder of general profits he rapidly amassed a fortune.

It seemed to have been his ambition to settle himself as a substantial country gentleman in his native district. In the year preface to 1613 he had ceased to reside at London and finally established himself at Stratford. He occupied himself more or less in agricultural pursuits, but continued to write for the stage. His death took place on his fifty third birthday, the twenty-third of April, 1616.

ALICE W. NICHOLLS.

WHEN FRESHIE SCORED.

"Fresh" doesn't always apply to a freshman, but more often to a sophomore. Freshmen are usually "green" while soph's "know it all" and therefore can't keep from acting wise around a "greenie" just to let her know that she is a soph. and had been in school one whole year! Ah, the wonder of it!!

Barbara and Lydia were chums and in their own estimation—since they were sophs—were the wisest two in the "Belle Aurin Institute" Little Pandora Waspe, after entering here, decided that instead of "Belle Aurin Institute" the name should be changed to "Best Asylum for Idiots," but she did not mention it to anyone.

Barbara, or Babs, as she was fondly called by her intimate friends, was known as the "tomboy" of the school. She was captain of the basket ball team, a great tennis player and could do anything from climbing a tree to riding an unbroken colt. However she was good looking with a style of her own—a typical brunette. Lydia, on the other hand, was a decided blonde—a demure petite little lady, with big blue eyes and a pink and white complexion which made her resemble a big wax doll.

As the September sun stole in through the window and fell across the book before the eyes of Babs she sat up with a yawn. "I say, Lydia, we've been here three weeks and no excitement yet. I wonder what we can do for fun?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Lydia, wrinkling her pretty forehead. "My brother, Ned, said that the greatest fun he ever had in college was the night he was hazed. But of course we can't haze anyone, because its against the rules and besides—"

"Oh that's the very thing, we are going to haze somebody. I am just dying to break a rule anyway," cried Babs springing up. "Don't tell anyone at all and you and I will haze someone at exactly twelve tonight."

Just then there was a knock at the door.

"Come," called Babs sharply, resenting the intrusion.

The new comer proved to be a good looking freshman.

"I'm Pandora Waspe, and I want to borrow your chairs, table and rugs," she said. I'm giving a five o'clock tea and I need them."

Without waiting for an assent to be given, she took up a chair and started out with it.

"You all may help me move them."

This was entirely too much for Babs.

"Don't you want our ward-robe, desk, clock, dressing table, book case and some knives and forks to 'drink' your tea with?" she asked sarcastically. "I say, Lydia, now is our chance. We are going to have our fun right now; lock the door and take the key out. Now, Miss Smarty, you may walk over to the closet there and don't make any fuss."

"Oh certainly, I'll be charmed to do anything to please you," said the late arrival, "I want to be friends, you know."

Pandora calmly walked to the closet, and as she closed the door called, "Hurry up, friends, please, 'cause I just must be ready for my party at five."

"What shall we do with her?" asked Lydia in a whisper to Babs.

"Oh lets make her sweep and dust first and then we can think of something else."

Babs opened the closet door and pulled Pandora out.

"First you must sweep our room, then dust everything good for us," said she with an impressive air.

"I always dust before I sweep," said Pandora demurely.

"Very well," said Lydia, balancing herself on the arm of a chair, "and by the way, our dust cloth has disappeared, so you'll have to use that magnificent red tie you have on. It will take up the dust beautifully."

Pandora jerked off the tie and went over to the dresser without apparently any purpose. She skillfully knocked off Lydia's best bottle of perfume.

"Oh how stupid of me, but it was all on account of the silk sticking to the bottle. You know glass bottles always attract red silk ties; please pardon me. Oh, what a darling powder-jar!" she cried snatching up Babs cut glass jar, which she had just received on her birthday the week before, and to the horror of the two girls the costly treasure slipped through her slender fingers and went crashing to the floor, breaking into a thousand pieces.

"Oh, please look over my carelessness," pleaded Pandora in mock contrition. "I just polished my nails and they were a little slick I suppose."

"That will do, you needn't dust any more, you wild-cat!" cried Babs boiling over with rage.

"Lydia, bring me that bottle of sulphuric acid; we're going to torture her awhile for her impertinence."

Babs was thoroughly angry now and she intended to pay the little up-start back.

"Now, I guess you don't know what this is," she said holding up the bottle of yellow liquid. "There is enough poison in this bottle to kill hundreds of people, and now to show you what it will do I'm going to drop one drop on your dress."

She deliberately uncorked the bottle and poured a drop on Pandora's dress. Almost instantly there was a ragged hole eaten through the cloth.

"That is the way it works. It burns or eats the flesh in the same way. Now, unless you promise to do exactly as we say, we are going to drop some of this on your arm. It will eat, eat, eat, eat to the very bone. You must promise to make love to the first man you see exactly the minute you see him and then propose on your knees; otherwise, you may know what to expect." Babs delivered this long speech in her most impressive manner.

"But—b-but what if it should be the janitor or cook?"

asked Pandora, frightened in spite of herself.

"That makes no difference. Promise this minute, or you know what to expect," said Babs, waving the bottle threateningly.

"I—I promise," said Pandora.

"Very well, you may go."

After Pandora left Babs' and Lydia's room she walked out on the campus holding her hands before her eyes in her terror lest she should see a man.

"I guess I'll have to keep my eyes shut," she said to herself as she felt her way along the driveway. Her five o'clock tea was forgotten. "My, what if I were to run into somebody!"

Hardly were the words spoken when she stumbled and opened her eyes to find herself almost into the very arms of a—MAN!

"I—I, oh," she cried, backing away and covering her face with her hands. The very worst had come.

"What is the matter, lady, Is there anything I can do?"

The minute was almost up and her word of honor hung as if by a thread. She must do it, but—

"I—I like—I—I mean I lo—I love you," she cried desperately, and then dropping on her knees she faltered "Will—will you be—be my—m' wife—oh—my—my man—I—I mean my husband?"

Now that her promise had been fulfilled she got up hastily and glanced up at the man. There was a look of blank astonishment written on his features, which gradually gave way to one of pity.

Well he must humor her.

"Yes" he said "Certainly I'll be your husband" then seeing the look of dismay on the face of the girl he hastily added: "that is if you want me too."

"Want you to! I wouldn't marry you for anything in the world," cried Pandora staggered by the turn affairs

had taken.

"Well why in the world did you ask me to marry you if you didn't want to get married."

"Because I h—had to," she wailed almost in tears. "Come on and lets sit down and I'll tell you about it."

They found a rustic bench and Pandora plunged into her story and told everything that had happened.

He gazed at her as if fascinated during her recital. What beautiful eyes and lips and cheeks.

"You poor child," he cried, "Babs ought to be ashamed of herself. Babs is my sister, you know, and she has always been up to some mischief."

Pandora stole a sly glance at him. He wasn't at all like the janitor or the cook. He looked like some big athlete or famous surgeon she couldn't decide which. Finally her curiosity got the better of her.

"Tell me, arn't you a doctor?"

"Pardon me, here is my card."

"I knew it, I knew it," she cried.

"Knew what?" he asked.

"That you were a doctor. You know my name, Pandora, just characterizes me. I'm just full of curiosity and Pandora means curiosity, you know. Have you any cure for that disease? Its awfully bothersome when you can't find out things."

"Yes, my remedy is to propose to a certain young man again and this time in earnest and not because its your promise or because its leap year. When you have a man of your own, you will not want to find out about anyone else."

"But I'm just a freshman. You'll have to wait until I graduate and then I'll be twenty-one. But its your time to propose, because I've fulfilled my promise."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RURAL SOCIAL LIFE.

[Alma Sabiston]

The American farm problem, particularly its sociological aspect, has not as yet had the attention that it deserves from students. Much less have the questions that concern rural social advancement found the popular mind in truth, the general city public has not been deeply interested in the farmer.

But there seem to be recent indications that the sentiment is changing. The development of agricultural education, the renewal study of the rural school, the widespread and growing delight in country life, have all aroused an interest in and presage a new attention to rural conditions. The increasing interest in rural matters is gradually being broadened to embrace the field of social investigations.

The sociologist can hardly afford to omit the rural classes from the scope of his study, especially if he desires to investigate the practical phases of his subject.

The various agencies for rural social development are such as agricultural colleges, the farmers institutes, rural schools, the country churches, etc.

If a farmer's club is organized in every community it may become a clearing house for all of the new information. Every farmer living in North Carolina would be helped by being a member of a farmer's club or some other organization whose purpose it is to aid in building up a better rural life. The farmers' wives and grown up children could profitably join these clubs and take part in the discussions and social activities. If this were done a genuine community spirit would be built up, and a new life and interest in the rural home, and better agriculture would result.

One of the chief objections to rural life is its isolation. This would be removed to a great extent by a

club's activities and many of the undeveloped advantages of the country would be enjoyed. A spirit of co-operation would lead to better farm practice, telephone companies, rural libraries, and the club would become a center for social life.

The woman's club is one of our greatest needs, the men have their organizations and it is equally as important in social development for the women to have theirs.

Home is the heart of the farm but the mother is the heart of the home, and while one woman standing alone may not be able to accomplish much in a community several may.

In these clubs emphasis will be laid on all domestic or house keepers and home makers side of farm life, that women may work together for the betterment of themselves, their families and the community, so as to give time to the dissemination of knowledge relating to home life, especially those pertaining to sanitation, science of cookery, proper clothing, and the care and training of our children, so as to raise their ideals and standards of country life, and a co-operative in every worthy purpose for general uplift; to the saving of steps and the conservation of the time, strength and health of the mothers and daughters of the community; to co-operate with the men with their organization in all worthy movements, and so make efforts for good more effective.

The teacher as a factor in the rural district forms an important function in social development. Her duty is not to be a teacher merely of children, but a teacher of the community at large. To make of the school house the society property that it is, a center from which all the interests of the neighborhood may radiate, a clearing house information on all things relating to the betterment and uplift of the community; she must incorporate herself with the community, be a part of it, a factor, a doer, a vital influence within it.

The field of the rural teacher is fertile in possibilities for all manner of social service and development, for the building up of a more comfortable, more beautiful civilization in the country, for the inspiring of a fuller, richer life on the farm. It is a field whose possibilities for good have hardly begun to be explored. Some one in estimating the country's contribution to society, says: "The best and the worst come from the country." We want to keep the best there and make the worst better. We cannot be content with colorless mediocrity anywhere. The slogan, "Back to the soil," is hollow and meaningless and a cheat, unless there is something worth going back for, something worth staying for, to offset the natural allurements of the city, something more than better crops and more money, something that will make life worth living.

Naturally, young people crave companionship. They are entitled to it. For the lack of sufficient social life, boys and girls of the country often seek the city or town for social pleasures. The continued drift of the country population to the city is certainly to be deplored. We must check this by developing social life of the farm. There must be a remaking of the conditions of country life; there must be some healing antidotes applied to the unsightly conditions that poison the boys' mind and cause him to want to move on to where there is a closer communion and community fellowship.

Now we are striving to make country life more attractive. The civic betterment leagues can and will revolutionize the whole farm life. Social activities in rural communities need all the encouragement and stimulus that can be given. All social activities take time and energy and the country road condition is a prime condition to enable farmers and their families to afford time for social intercourse. Therefore, the improved roads help us to keep the young people in the country.

They make it possible for the rural free delivery mail

carriers to carry mail at all times, thus furnishing the rural inhabitant with newspapers and magazines, and make the traveling library possible. Practically the whole United States has awakened to this opportunity for benefit. These libraries furnish the rural districts with good books. Whenever it has gone it has been found to be a great factor towards the development of social life. It is a means to a great end. The rural inhabitant craves reading as much so as the city dweller and has as much right to the use of a good library. And these traveling libraries can reach all the most remote communities where the people are almost primitive.

The rural school is one of the real factors for social development. It is the most socializing of all institutions. Many of our modern school houses are so constructed that they serve the community as gathering places for social and public meetings of various kinds. Frequently the school wagons are pressed into service to convey farmers and their wives to grange meetings, lectures, musicales, entertainments, short courses or institute work at the school.

The rural school is active in spreading the knowledge of the advantages of higher education and training for personal development and for all kinds of social service.

The social activity in the school is such that the child loves it and enjoys not only the play and friendliness, but the atmosphere is so full of cheer and sociality that the hard study is looked upon as a pleasant task.

School buildings in every part of the metropolis are open for public lectures and social occupations. They are becoming the genuine social center of the community. And a social center is a meeting place for the interplay of social forces, those unseen but potent mental energies, which are brought into action when one individual meets another. The social center of the community is the meeting place for the interplay of all the individuals which com-

prise such a community.

The people of the community seem to realize that not only are the intellectual advantages of the school at their disposal, but beyond this there is a warm friendly welcome awaiting each who enters the building of these social centers. They meet for the purpose of discussing some subject of general interest pertaining to some phase of farm or home life. If the subject to be discussed deals with technical phases of agriculture in which they are not interested, the women will meet in another room and discuss some problem of housekeeping. After the regular program is over the evening is given to general sociability, playing games, and singing familiar songs.

This gives the young people a chance to get together and enjoy one another's companionship as well as the older people to discuss the problems of farm life. In these meetings the people are exhibiting the wholesome and much desired spirit of "getting together, of co-operation." They are obtaining more and better use of their school house; they have a good time; they become acquainted; they learn from each other; they take a deeper interest in school affairs; they make bigger and better men and women of themselves by such social intercourse.

To give the people the full service of the school, it must be open all times of the year, and the grounds regarded as community play grounds. During the vacations the grounds are used freely by the people of the district. Boys and girls gather, the former for playing base ball and other games, the latter for tennis and basket ball.

Spelling bees, singing schools, the literary and debating societies, lectures and preaching, all meetings of decidedly socializing value, are held frequently in the school house. If in every farming neighborhood in North Carolina there were social centers the boys and girls would grow up with a greater fondness for farm life, remain in



the country and when their parents become too old to look after the management of the farm, take over its management and in most cases make their home on the old farm.

The steady increase in the the number of struggling rural churches is a forward step in social development. It was perceived at the very bottom of all rural progress lay the spiritual problem and the country church. And to the church must be linked the home, school, and the farm. Thinking over the spiritual problem Mr. Robert Weiden-sall, pioneer of rural association work in America saw the pioneer work, to which he has been giving a great amount of service for forty years. The rural Y. M. C. Associations are now famous in every Protestant Christian country; and in almost every place where a colony of Christians are gathered these associations are to be found.

They link together all the individual gangs of the village boys by relay races and baseball tournaments and other co-operative athletics. A young man of composite character, a communal minister, a farmer in his love of rural life and strength, an idol to the country boy, is the leader of the boys in this great work of social development. He is the type of leader in our rural civilization and though he is officially known and country secretary of the Y. M. C. A. we may call him the rural life engineer, religious and social engineer, and it is upon this type of man that the revival of the rural community in America depends. He brings a new devotion to the country home, a new inspiration to the country church, a new life to the country school, and a new charm to the farm.

There is no longer fighting among the village boys. These associations have lifted the social feeling above such, and all come together as friends.

The rural country as a whole has been religiously and socially created. But we are fast moving towards a great development of sociability of the rural districts. A large

number of boys have already been enrolled in Westley Bible Classes for Bible study in the Sunday Schools of our rural communities.

Our Sunday Schools furnish a place of gathering on Sunday for the betterment of social life and religious study. They furnish the boy and girl with new inspirations to do things for the good of our country life and the uplifting of humanity. We are heading off an ultimate social rural peasantry by growing character in the community, and welding the country churches together for practical co-operation.

The telephone is to be reconed with as another of civilization's own instruments for the attainment of social life. The farmer's feeling of oneness of life, and interest of sociability, has been intensified by it. It conduces to a better knowledge of one another's movements, feelings, plans, and state of health. The health and welfare of the neighbor's family may be inquired after, and thus the community be built up from day to day into stronger bonds of sympathy and goodwill.

One of our northern states has taken a great step towards social development. There has been opened at Targo, North Dakota, a little country theater, the first of its kind in the country. It is a little country theater for the rural district where good wholesome entertainment may be held in the rural neighborhood social centers.

Social progress takes effect through the replacement of old institutions by new ones. Changed and everchanging conditions and a discerning appreciation of the necessity of meeting new conditions wisely, compels a re-adjustment in matter as well as method. As far as possible education should stress the new humanism, which emphasizes more than formally the relations of man to other men. New realizations of the needs of society change the aristocratic ideal of culture into the democratic ideal of efficiency and service.

So let it be the high privilege of this great and free people to establish a republic where rural pride is equal to civic pride, where men of the most refined taste and culture select the rural villa, and where the wealth that comes from the soil finds its greatest return in developing and perfecting the great domain of nature which God has given to us as an everlasting estate.

THE CAROLINIAN

CAROLINA COLLEGE

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No. 3

HELEN MAY SEABOLT, *Editor-In-Chief*

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THE FUTURE OUTLOOK OF CAROLINA COLLEGE.

Carolina is just completing her fourth school year and she has much to be proud of, that has been accomplished in the past, and much to look forward to in the future. If there were nothing to strive for there would be no progress and of course if there were no improvements needed in a college, there would be no stimulus for activity and everything would certainly begin to degenerate. Nothing can be still, especially must a college progress, in order to live. There must always be an object desired and attained, and in order to progress "Excelsior" should be the motto.

The school year nineteen-fifteen and sixteen has been a year of progress. In the first place, the corps of teachers have been especially good this year. Then, too, the students have accomplished much. The Y. W. C. A. has grown this year, and much good has been done by this organization.

This school year marks the beginning of our college magazine. We have only published it quarterly, but we expect to issue it monthly very soon.

In March, Field Day was instituted which will become

one of the greatest events in the athletic life of the school.

The organization of the "Greater Carolina Club" has secured the interests of many of the friends of the college, both in Maxton and other towns in the State. Owing to the splendid work of Mr. Carpenter and the other officers, the club has greatly increased in members and interest and by Commencement we expect to have doubled the number of members and secure the corporation and service of each.

Last, but not least by any means, is the library movement. The students have shown what they can do for their college and what they will do. There is no reason why we should not have a dormitory on each side of the administration building in a very few years, and let us not stop when we have completed one task, but strengthen ourselves by beginning another.

LIBRARY DAY.

Carolina College Library Day was one of the greatest days in the history of the college. It was something that every girl shared and each one did her best in accomplishing the task that the students had undertaken as one body to perform.

Some time ago the President told us that \$1,000 was needed on our library in order to classify the college. He then said that he would raise \$500 of it if we would raise the other \$500. So at a meeting of the students a committee composed of Alice Nicholls, chairman, Ann Lamb, Louise Shavender and Thelma Dixon was appointed to plan the ways and means of getting this sum. This committee, with the splendid assistance of Miss Sallie Lou McKinnon worked hard and faithfully, and April 10 was appointed as a day of harvesting the books and money. In the meantime the girls wrote to their friends and to people who might be interested, asking for money or books. A committee of six girls canvassed Maxton and

Laurinburg, meeting with great success.

On the evening of the 10th Mr. Jos. W. Little, from Wilmington, N. C., addressed a splendid audience on "The Conservation of Matter." One or two songs by the choral class completed the program. A table was placed in the front hall on which the books were deposited.

The girls raised over \$200 and about the same amount in valuable books. The hearty cooperation of the many friends in and out of the college community is greatly appreciated.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

ROWENA ODOM, Editor.

The year 1915-16 has not been devoid of activity in our Young Woman's Christian Association. We feel that great good has been accomplished.

Last fall the Y. W. C. A. welcomed the new girls into the association by giving them a marshmallow roast.

Then on Halloween a play was given under the auspices of the association to raise money for some special song books.

On the 21st of February the annual reception was given in the form of a George Washington birthday.

In February we celebrated the Jubilee and in March the officers for next year were elected:

Mary Ella McCall, President,
Mary Scarboro, Vice-President,
Grace Kirby, Secretary,
Rowena Odom, Treasurer.

On the last Monday night in March a play, "Breezy Point," was given in the college auditorium, the proceeds of which went to the Blue Ridge Delegation Fund.

Miss Sallie Lou McKinnon, who has been our able adviser this year, has been a great benefit to our association. A missionary spirit has been greatly promoted, and real missionary work done.

SOCIETY NOTES.

On Friday evening, April 14, Miss Nannie Mae Walker gave her Senior Pianoforte Recital in the college auditorium. The program was as follows:

Sonata, Op 13.....	Beethoven
Grave—Allegro di motto	
Ballade, G minor.....	Chopin
Sextette from "Lucia" (Donizetti) [for left hand]	Schumann
Grillen.....	Schumann
Romance.....	Julian Pascal
Scherzo	Julian Pascal
Concerto, C major.....	Weber
Adagio—Presto	

Second Pianoforte: Emma A. Crane.

The Carolina Glee Club gave a concert in the college auditorium Monday evening, April 17. The following program was rendered:

I Overture "La Gazza hadra".....	Rossini
Esther Geddie	Feye Parker
Nannie Mae Walker	Mary Scorbora
II Blow Balmy Breezes.....	H. E. Warner
III Greeting of Dawn.....	Forman
Glee Club	
IV Solo—Jean.....	Burleigh
Myrtle Caviness	
V Where the Bluebells Ring.....	Brackett
VI Night Sinks on the Wave.....	Henry Smart
Glee Club	
VII Solo—The Evening Cometh.....	Baldwin
Ola Harmon	
IX Carmena.....	Wilson—Blumenshein
Glee Club	
X Overture, "Maritana"	
Miss Crane, Nannie Mae Walker	

XI I'll Sing Thee a Song of the Sea.....Flaxton Harker Dixie

Glee Club

Miss Lucy Mae Fussell gave her Senior Pianoforte Recital in the auditorium on Friday evening, April 14, at 8:00 o'clock. The program was as follows:

Sonata, Op 27, No. 2.....	Beethoven
Adagio sostenuto.... Allegretto....Presto agitato	
Warum?.....	Schumann
Ballade, A flat major.....	Chopin
Prelude, D minor.....	Chanimade
Arabesque, No. 2.....	Debussy
Waltz..Paraphrase.....	Strauss—Schutt
Concerto, G minor, Op 25.....	Mendelssohn
Andante—Allegro vivace	

Second Pianoforte: Emma A. Crane.

On Tuesday evening, April 25, at 8:00 o'clock, Dr. Whaling, president of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C., gave an Uncle Remus lecture at the college. The lessons to be drawn from his three stories were: Have sense; use sense and never "drop" your sense in the same way twice.

COLLEGE CUTS.

Tiny to Thelma:—"Thelma, you are a smart girl, tell me who discovered the Mississippi river?"

Thelma:—"Oh, don't ask me such a simple question as that, you know I have forgotten that by this time, but I suppose it was Zacharia."

Rowena asked:—"How is Miss B. today?"

Louise answered:—"She is a little mentally and physically, but her condition is the same."

Prof Norton:—"Miss Dixon, where was the Magna Charter signed?"

Gladys, in a sully voice:—"At the bottom, I reckon."

Anne said to Myrtle as she came off the stage after singing her first number in public:—"Myrtle, you've made your debut."

Myrtle:—"Yes, I made a bow."

Miss McKinnon on Bible class asked:—"Sallie, what is meant by repentance?"

Sallie, after pondering over it and thinking awhile:—"To feel sorry and turn around."

Mary to Thelma:—"When I'm engaged I certainly want my man to give me a big solitaire."

Thelma:—"It is a sure thing, when I'm engaged I want nothing else but a diamond."

Billy, studying French:—"I tell you these irregular nouns do get me." (Meaning irregular verbs.)

Mary Ella:—"For goodness sake, tell me what 'are' the subject of this sentence?"

Miss Y: "I want to go to Texas."

Louise:—"Well, the United States is good enough for me to travel in."

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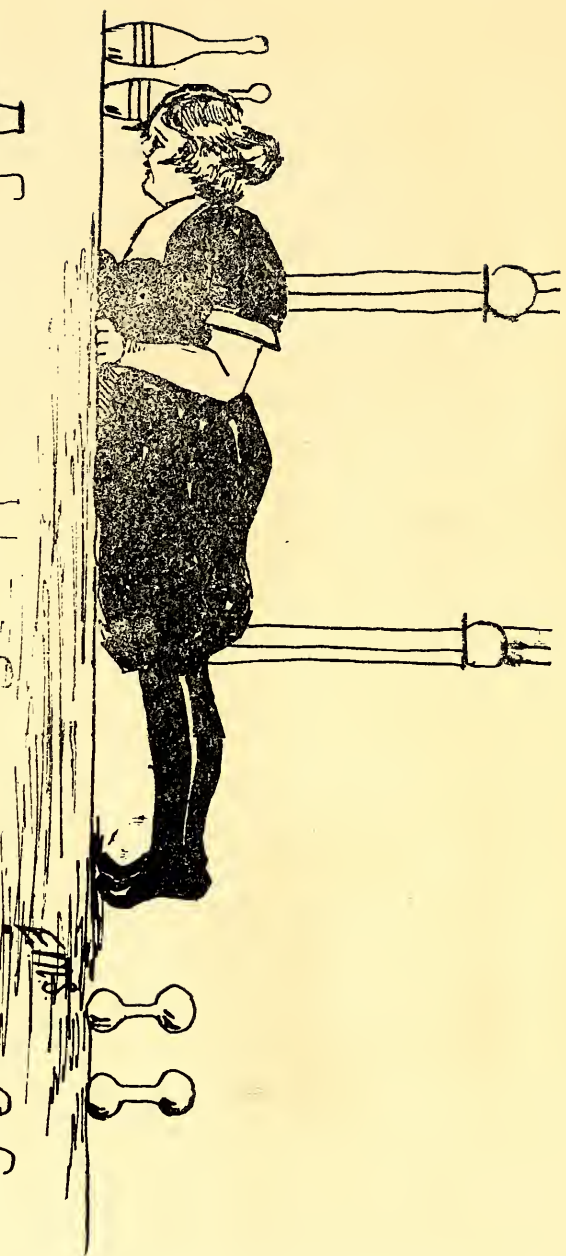
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